

Dear Judge,

My name is Haley Kenner, Phil Kenner's daughter. The last time I wrote to you I was in high school, fifteen years old, and encountering many major life experiences for the first time. I went to my first high school football game, I joined my first competitive volleyball team, I got my first grades that "really mattered," I went to my first dance, had my first boyfriend, and my second, and met my first real friends. These are arguably the most important years for a little girl growing up. As a father, I cannot imagine how much sadness it brought my dad to not be able to see any of that, only reading about it in letters I'd send a month later. He got to watch one of my first ever high school volleyball games before he was taken away, but that's the last one he will see. So many firsts and lasts he was not a part of.

I am now almost done with college. I hope to go to medical school, but instead of getting excited for my future career, I cannot think any farther than "how will I pay for my MCAT?" "how will I pay for my applications and flights to attend interviews?" before even beginning to worry about whether or not I will be able to get loans once I am there. These are not new concerns; I have worked 1-3 jobs every semester of college and at the end of high school to make sure I have a place to live and can buy groceries once every two weeks because my dad can't be here to help me out. But that doesn't bother me. I have always been inspired by how hard he worked every day while I was growing up to give my little brother and I the best life we could have. Every one of my best stories is from when I was younger with him because he always had a way of making me feel like I was the most special girl in the world, which he somehow still manages to do every day wrongfully locked in a cell. Just as he has been trying to allow the truth to come to light for almost seven years now, he has pushed me to always fight for what I believe in and never give up on the things I truly care about. Every day when I was little it seemed like amongst all of the chaos that he was one of the only ones left standing to fight for what he knew was right despite everyone telling him it was pointless and the "bad guys" will always win. The saddest part is that having so much of my life ripped away, I too have started to become one of the ones begging him to stop fighting and

trying to prove the truth to people that won't listen so that he can come home, but he will never stop. I don't know how he still has it in him, but the fact that he does means that he cares more than anything that those that have deceived us in the past pay for what they have done so that we can return to the lives we deserve soon.

I will be twenty-one in April. I've spent six birthdays without him, and I beg you to not let me have to spend one more. My memories growing up are already filled with hours on end of my dad on the phone with clients, partners, and everyone else dealing with this nonsense, and now it has turned into a nightmare even worse than I could ever imagine. The whole world is upside down: the people who I used to consider my uncles as a kid are now the ones who have deceived us the most and are using lies to avoid getting caught and being put in the same situation that they've put my dad in.

I could write so much more but I hope this paints the picture of what life has been like without him for me and my little brother. We cannot afford to visit him in New York, so I have not seen my biggest hero and best friend in this whole world for almost seven years. It doesn't matter how many times I say it, it still does not feel real. Anyone that knows him knows he would do anything in the world for those he loves. I am fortunate that he taught me to be as strong as I am growing up, or I would have completely crumbled by now.

I hope you take this into consideration and keep in mind that he is everything to my brother and I, and harmless to everyone else. All we want is to have him home, just the same now as we wanted on the day our mom sat us down to tell us what happened after we didn't even get to say goodbye.

Sincerely,

Haley Kendra